

Mr. FERGUSON'S
LAMENTATION,
FOR THE
DESTRUCTION
OF THE
ASSOCIATION
AND
The Good Old
CAUSE.

L O N D O N,
Printed for J. Smith, 1683.

9.

19

MR. FERGUSON'S
LAMENTATION
FOR THE
DESTRUCTION
OF THE
ASSOCIATION
AND
THE GOOD OLD
CAUSE.

LONDON,
Printed for A. Smith, 1833.

(1)

Ferguson's Lamentation.

For the

DESTRUCTION

Of the

ASSOCIATION

AND

The good old Cause.

*This is the Cry of the Saints, Woe unto us, for
our Cause is Confounded.*

TO make any prelude for the unfolding the Words, will be unnecessary; Because they do naturally divide themselves into these Four Parts,

First, Here is a cry heard ; and that is, Woe unto us.

Secondly, Who they are that make this Lamentation ; it is, the Cry of the Saints.

Thirdly, For what it is they thus complain ; it is, the Distress of their Cause.

Fourthly and Lastly, It shews the utmost extream to Incite this Woe, their Cause being Confounded. As the Words in General do render themselves ; This, &c.

It will be therefore necessary for me, for the easier explanation of my Text.

B

First,

First, To enquire, who those Saints are?

Secondly, In what their Holiness Consists?

Thirdly, What their Cause is?

And Fourthly, Why, and how Confounded?

My Beloved, The Saints meant in my Text; are we, whose Sanctity have made us your Pastors, your Teachers, your Infallable Guides: Therefore I shall strive to shew you, why, and wherein we Merit this Glorious Title.

First, For our Diligence, and Laborious Toyl and Care, we have always taken, to Preach Sedition, to promote Faction, to create Schism, to trample on Honesty, and to be the Ring-Leaders of Rebellion.

Who appeared greater, and were more adhered to, then we, on the chusing of Burgeses and Parliament Men? Who led you, (the Rabble) by the Nose into the Field, but we? Nay, did we not instruct you to expand your Lips, and with the Bellow of your Voices to Cry, in the Name of the Lord, a Waller, a Waller; because he was the Branch of a Seditious Tree? VVho taught you to Cry, No York, No York, No Popish Successour, but we? VVe, by the Holiness of our Schismatical Doctrine, sow'd in you that Seed of Rebellion, which made you Factiously appear in Heards at Publick Bonfires in the City, nay, and Subburbs too, Crying up the Illigittimate Right of a Disobedient Murdering Rebellious Traytor, (as it appears at this Day..)

Guarding your Bonfires with your Cornuted Heads; Goading all Honesty with the Horns of your Spurious Loyalty, and does not this Merrit a Corruscation? Nay, have we not Instructed and Taught your VVives, that Procreation is an Essential Part of their Creation; and have we not with a great deal of Care put the Doctrine
home

home to them; and so Imprinted it in their understandings, that they make it their daily Practice, least they should forget it? So that most of your Children are Sanctified Babes. I say, as 'tis the Kings Right to Govern, so 'tis our Business, to Sow in you all the Seed of Rebellion, that our Party may be strengthened; and this is really, and truly, as I have said our Business, our Daily Practice; and if so, what can be a greater Token, or more significant Sign of a Saint?

I think I have by this shew'd you, what, and who, is meant by the Saint of my Text.

Secondly, I shall farther Discover wherein our Holiness Consists.

It is to have our Prayers, without Form, or Sense; To Blasphem that Deity, who Teaches Rules contrary to our Practice; to turn out the Bishops and possess our selves of their Estates. To have no Counsellours, but whom we approve of; to have no Lord Mayor, but of our chusing, to have no Sheriffs but of the Ignoramus Tribe, to have a Charter, a greater favourer of Rebellion then the former; to Disband the Kings Guards, to have the Melitia in our Hands; to make choice of what Parliament Men we please; to have no Lords but of our Creating, except those already of our Party, who were to head us; To make Riots upon all occasions without being called to an Account for it, or any Distress made upon our Estates: To remove Honesty from the Court, and the King from his Kingdoms.

In short, Interest is our Aim, Rebellion is our Doctrine, Hypocrisy is our Cloak, Murders our Intention, Religion we have none, and the Devil is our Master.

I think I have made it very Conspicuous to you, who the Saints are meant in my Text, and wherein their Holiness Consists.

Secondly, I am to shew you what the Cause is.

It is as old as *Cain* the first Murderer ; but very much improved, having many accursed Branches that naturally flow from it : One is swearing Loyalty to your lawful Prince, with a Digested Intention to break it the first opportunity. Another is some Poetical Scriblers to Amuse the Rabble with Seditious Pamphlets. A Third is to make Division in Families, by which means some of e'm are fitted for our Soul Saving Designs. Many more there are, but I shall only Insist upon these Three.

Bethel, VVhen cholen Sheriff of *London*, swore to be Just in his Office, and I think he was not Perjur'd : Swore to be Loyal to his King, who dares say he was otherwise. He stood to the Cause in the Reign of Ignoramus, but when Justice succeeded, he prudently withdrew.

Sir Patience Ward, was Lord Mayor of *London*, and so Swore to be sincerely Loyal to his Sovereign, I do not say he was perjur'd by breach of that Oath, but 'tis shrewdly suspected he was Perjur'd since, and all to Support the Cause, *Our Poor Distrest Cause*.

Perjury, Like all other Sciences, Improves by often Practice ; Nay, In these our late Blessed times, it was become a Trade. And had not our Zealous City, by their too Officious Care of our Reeling Cause, forfeited their Charter, I believe wou'd have become an Incorporated Company, the Number of whose Members might have Challeng'd the Honesty of all the Society within the Walls to equal their Proficients. I say, it is the Fundamental Point, on which Hinges all our Intentions ; for Honesty among us, is like a Thorn in the Foot, which must be drawn out and cast away, least it should make our Cause to Hault or go Lamely.

Perjury,

Perjury is as absolutely necessary to the support of this our *Cause*, yea it appertains as properly, Nay it goes along hand in hand with it, and no more to be divided from it, then *Honesty* from *Loyalty*, *Justice* from *Equity*, or *Kingly Government* from *Monarchy*. This is the first Branch of the *Cause*, our once happy *Cause*, tho' now a little out of Countenance.

Secondly, As for Seditious Scribes, Poetical Block-heads that have Hearded amongst us, under the Banner of our Pur-blind *Cause*, how can I enough Rejoyce and Lament, for their distressed Condition. Ogg, stands stiffly, to our Party, Nay he Spits Defiance, not only in the Face of his Lawful Sovereign, his Makers Vicegerent ; but in the Face of the King of Kings ; 'Tis no wonder he should be against Monarchical Government here, when, (by his daily Blasphemies) he denies there is any such Power hereafter, & as he Toyles with his Furnished Body & unfurnished Head for a *Common-wealth* here, so he deserves it hereafter, a Kingdom is not his Aim. This is a True Member of our *Cause*, tho' I know, as Persecution now is following us, he has not Courage enough to persevere unto the End, *Doeg*, unhappy *Doeg* ! How shall I find Tears enough to Lament thy Ruin'd Fate, thy Pyball'd Condition ; cou'dst thou not stand without the help of thy Patron, that *Aldersgate-street* Rebel, and thy Friend. Why dost thou make a Hault now ? if there be Truth in our *Cause*, that *Cause* for whose sake thou shou'dst thy self a Traytor and a Villain, why dost thou Swerve from it ? has the *Green Ribbain Club* deserted thee ? Has the Forbidding *Burning the Pope* Impov'rishd thee ? cou'd not the Character of a *Papish Successour* support thee ? Would not thy Little, Shallow, Nonsensical Splenarick Railing, againg thy Rightful Prince, and the undoubted

doubted Heir to the Crown Maintain thee ; Didst thou think our *Cause* lying in a Languishing Condition would starve thee ? Alas poor *Doeg* ? Thou art neither Lost, nor Found. The *Cause* thou hast deserted will never more own thee, and the Loyal Party will scarcely ever respect thee. Therefore thou art in a worse Condition then the *Salamanca Dr.* who as thou sayest has two Perches from his Lodging to *Amsterdam Coffee-House*, and from thence home again, But thou art Thrust out among the Wild Heard ; for if there be Men of sence of our Party, they'l not suffer thee, and the Royallists will say once a Villain and never more to be trusted, & so Adue poor despicable *Doeg*. We have many more of these unnatural writers, the Scum of the Poetical Tribe of our Party; but in deed they are such Shallow Monsters, they are below Contempt, Yet these are some of the Engins of our *Cause*.

The 3d. Branch is deviding of Famelys ; that is often our private Doctrine, our Intinuating business. First, we Riggle our selves, by the Cants of our Function home to their Tables, there many times we meet with a Rebellious Son. That is, one who will be Loyal tho' his Parents are never so Great Sticklers for the *Cause*, he by our advice is cast off, Disinherited, and left destitute of any help except he returns home again, which is very seldome known, for his sence, and Honesty above his suppos'd Parent gives him a more persilling Eye to see through the Chrystal Covering of our foul designs. Another Son Brother, by the Mother, is a true Lump of the old Leaven, he is so Educated and blinded with our Principles of *Nonconformity* to all Lawful Authority, that he shall rather see his Brother Starve then Releive him, Nay he is Instructed by us, that it is a Meritorious Act to Cut him off privately, which is the Principle

ple of us the *Presbyterian Jesuites*, Nay we press it upon them that he is predestinated to fall by the hand of his Brother; Yea, this is my Doctrine, and I have known many just ready to starve, and have had no Relief from any of their Rebellious Season'd Relations, and this you ought to persevere in, if you will be true Servants to the Cause.

But I have often been consulting within my self, how they should come to be so Loyal, being the Off-spring of a Sanctified Tribe. At last I found 'twas this, The Loyal Party (out of pure Revenge) had been Mowing in our Meddows, Grafting on our wild Stocks, from whence proceeded this good Fruit, and yet by our Practical Doctrine of Enocculating, which is our daily Business with the Sisterhood, I wonder how they can require the Grafts of the Sons of *Belial*: but as 'tis our Study and Practice to Sow in them all that *Antichristian Seed* of Sedition, and never think we take pains enough to promote Rebellion; so their Insatiate Appetites are always Ravening and never satisfied.

Nay, to enable us to a faultless performance: How do the Sister-hood Rob and Pillage their White Liver'd Husbands, not only of Money, but Vessels of VVine, of all sorts, which they send to us: Sack, for Possets to strengthen the Outer-Man, and other VVines to Exillerate the Inner-Man, and put the Bloud upon a Ferment Fat for Action. And after Exercisey both Spiritual and Temporal, what Care is taken by the Holy Sisters in Rubing us down with their Zealous Napkins, Drying up the Sweat our Violent Performance has put us in. Then they come with Cavvdes and Jelly-Broaths, to Renevv the Panting loss of Decaying Nature.

Their Daughters are brought up from their very Cradles

dles to our natural Endowment Hippocracy : And by that time they come to Climb up the Hill of their Twelve Years, they have observed so much lewdness under the Cloak of Sanctity, (by being daily Auditors, at our Canting Orations in our Brothel-house meeting places of Abomination) that they become so Zealously Impudent to outdoe their Mothers, in their Brutish Carnallity. And this we have a Fellow feeling of, for it is all by our Advice.

And when we, the Saints and Brother-hood, have Cloy'd our Appetites, that they became Pall'd for want of Fresh Food, a match is made up by a peice of Mony to a weak Member of Annarchy, that Cuckoldome, Fornication and Adultery may never depart from the Cause. And after they are Joyned together according to our Matrimonial Form, the Brother-hood, with the Sisters ; of the same order of Concupiscence, have a meeting at the House of the new United pair. And when we have Cram'd our Carcasses, and by it strengthened our Imaginations, (that as the Bee who has been gathering Hony from the Flowers, returns to the Hive to Ease it self of its burden) so we require the Sister-hood to take off the Edg of our Appetites. For which we find Conveniences enough in some by Appartment of the same Habitation. Then after a Loud *Psalm* in a Front Rome, that the Neighbour-hood may take notice of our Zeal and a Blasphemous Prayer, (as we call it) to Sanctifie the Bride and Bridegroom to each other, we leave him in search of what we have depriv'd him, and return to our own houses of iniquity. Nay I have known a married Brother of our Opinion that has been Railing against the Loyal party for a slip of Nature, when the Constable at the same time have been at his Door with a Warrant

to carry him to the next Justice of Peace for having a Bastard, which he has been compeld to keep.

But to our further proceedings we have the Presidents of the Late uncivil Civil strife from Forty One to Forty Eight, and the same Path was, and is our Present Rode.

Their Father Fought against Son, and Son against the Father, Brother against Brother, the Nephew against the Uncle, dipping their Hands in one anothers Blood. In those times to be Parrasides was called by us the *Saints* of the *Cause*, to be the purer sort of Christians, it was in part the Aim of our Doctrine, and yet this was nothing to the rest of our design, 'tis but a slender part of our Religion. For, from Parrasides, we became Regicides, Dipping all our Hands in the Bloud of the King, and as that was preached up by the *Saints* then, for a Righteous deed, so 'tis our Doctrine now, to follow the Steps of our fore Fathers, tho' our Machinations at present are a little out at Elbowes, and this is really the *Cause*; that very *Cause* for which we Labour, Bloud. Yea to be Bloudy Murderers, to be Paracides, to be Regicides. I think I have shewed you that our *Cause* is from Cain the first Murderer, he slew his Brother, and for that, was Banish'd into the Land of *Nod*, but where can we expect to go, who Barberously Murdered our King, our Sovereign, the Anointed from above. But to prevent a further Thought in any one of us to such another Act, and to make some slender Satisfaction for the Innocent Bloud already Spilt. Were *New England* Wall'd round with Brass, after our Banishment thither, that no Gate, Port, or any Place of Retreat could be made from it, and the whole Land become like (*Mount Aetna*) a Consuming Flame, that we might pass at one Sacrifice. Then
C Quiet,

Quiet, Peace, Union, and Continual Concord might Inhabit the Earth. But till that happens, it is no more in our Power, to Alter our Natures; (though the Mercy of the King should forgive us) then to Create our selves Angels of Light.

Fourthly, and *Lastly*, I am to shew you why, and how, our Cause is *Confounded*. The late past Transactions were too Fresh in the Memory of Men, and we were treading too near on the Heels of our late sharp Edged Murdering Times.

Ah, my beloved Brethren, we should have had a little Patience till the Remembrance of things had been blotted out, or at least, so forgotten, that the Tract of our Rebellion might not have been Traced so close. But the blessed Practise we had in the time of our *Dagon O-liver*, the Earthly God of our Cause (though I must confess *Belzebub* is the Spiritual Deity that we Worship) had Innurd our Hands so to Bloud and Rapin, that the Vacancy we had from the Restauration of the King to the beginning of this our late hopeful Conspiracy, had almost made us forget our Trade, for indeed it is the Trade that we live by. Therefore the Zealous Fingers of our Profession had an Itching Inclination to be in Action, and I beleive we may (without Blaspheming our Deity *Belzebub*) lay the blame at his Door, for putting us so Untimely, and pushing us forward so Early upon this Plot, that he might have our Company the sooner in that Region of Darknes where he Inhabits. For the Substance of our Religion (as we call it) tells us, that for our Party there will be no other Place of abode.

Which Place we have dearly Merrited by our Frequent Protestations to Roote out all goodnes by our Numerous, Oaths to Lop of the Head off Loyalty. By our Sacramental

mental Covenanting, to pluck down Religion, and set up Antichristian Practices, By entring in a large Association, to Dethrone the King, and set up a Poppular Idol, which we Worship till our Turn is served, and then as the Glow Worm at the Approach of Day looses his Light; So shall the Mock Majesty of this Pagent Prince (by the Rabble that Raised him) loose his Power, but upon this discovery, it is lost, before it was gained. Our Aim is to have all things in Common, to have the Power in the People. Our Teaching is not for Peace, Union, Love, Charity, Concord, and Everlasting Happiness; but Wrath, Dissention, Envy, self Ends, Discord and Eternal Howleings, there will be our Center. By this you may easily conceive, the strong Foundation our Cause is built upon. The Mudwal Bales, whereon the Column our Bru-tish Religion is Founded.

The Sandy Road of our senseless undertakings, Each Loyal Blast will Disperse and Puff to nothing, as Indeed it has, and left us bare, without the least covering to hide the shameless nakedness of our Ill Princip'd, Diabolical designs. It hath an Ill savour in the Nostrils of Men, and is become like the Stench our Corrupted Carcass will make, when exposed to the Eye of Honesty on a Gibbet (the Standard of our Cause) to Consume in view of the World for a Terrour to Offenders. By this I beleive you plainly perceive what is like to be the End of our Cause, that it hath not only Confounded it self, but it has brought shame, and Confusion to us, who have long been Votaries to its Rebellious Shrine.

Some few words by way of Application, being a short (but serious view) of the whole, and I shall release your Patience.

First, Follow the Example of the Saints, I have described

cribed to you, which (in short) is to be Turbulent,
 Sawey, Rebellious, Ireligious Rogues. Stifle your Con-
 sciences (whose Liberties you cry out for) till they be-
 come harder then *Addamant* to Resist all Motions of
 Grace. For you find there is not one Grain of Grace,
 or Scruple of Honesty, the least mote of Honour, or
Atom of Purity, in the Character of us your Refined
 Pastors. The Channel that we Swim in, is Corrupt, and
 Muddy, and when we have stir'd the Filth, we leave you
 to Wallow in it, till the Eye of your reason is so blind-
 ed by the Mire of our Doctrine, that you cannot per-
 ceive the Brink of the Precipis our Cause is brought too,
 but run Head-long on till you fall together, as it is at
 this Day. For the Pleasure you took in making Bonfires,
 as you did upon several Occasions, when it was Forbid
 by your Governours, (but peticularly that on the Res-
 cue of our Champion from the Hands of Justice, by the
 Flaming Consciences or Red-Hot-Zeal of our *Bethell*
Piekt Perjurers,) you have certainly merited the Ple-
 sure of an Eternal Flame. Where you shall Broile till
 the Fat of your Pamper'd Bodies, or Seditious Cram'd
 Carcasses, become an Addition to the Comfortable
 warmth you are sure to Enjoy. Your Treasonable Practi-
 ces, like so many Snakes shall twine themselves about
 you, till your Thin Drawn Carcasses, and Meagar Com-
 plession'd Vissages, put Envy out of Countenance, your
 Throats, the Tub, or speaking Trumpet, that used to
 Belch, and Ball Treason here, shall (to keep it self in
 Action) be Blaspheming, and Cursing your Tap Com-
 panion there. This I say is to Encourage you to go on
 with the same violence you did, before our Hellish Con-
 trivances were brought to Light, that Justice may give
 you your Reward, and you may be Damn'd betimes.

For if you are true to what you have Sworn, you will all of you Spur your Race Horse Consciences to be first at the Gole. But first, or last, Assure your selves from me, that Common-wealth Prize will be all your Reward.

Beloved Sisters, In the Frailty of the Flesh, besure you go on ; let not Reason be your Guide, but all that Woman prevailing Loosness, in which you have hitherto liv'd ; May Opportunity always present it self to you, and by your careful Mannage let it be Improved to a Superlative Degree. May a Venereal Distemper Inhabit all your Earthly Tabernacles ; And as *Cain* had a Mark whereby he was known, so may the Marks of your Faces become a Token to be avoided by the Sons of Men. May all your Spurious Off-spring be slavish Tankerd-bearers to the Loyal Party, and let this Inscription, on Brass, be the Badg of their whole Race : This is the Reward of a Disloyal Issue.

As Murder, To be Bloudy Murderers, is the only Aim of our Religion, therefore do not slacken your Pace, so long as 'tis Matter of Conscience, and the true Principle of our known Oppinion ; for if you should chance to be taken by the Hands of Justice, and carried into Tribulation, that is, to Prison, (as no doubt you will) and from thence to an Impartial Trial ; where not a severe, but a deserving Sentence will be past upon you ; which is, only to have your Bodies and Souls seperated by the Hands of a Dexterous Executioner. I say, though all this happens, yet suffer with Patience : Considering it is your Religion has drawn it upon you, and you are going to possess your selves of an Impartial Reward. You do well to Abscond for a time, that you may appear Proclaim'd Traitors, that all the World may be senceible of the

the Justice you Flie from, and 'twill make the *Cause* at your Examination the plainer understood, that much Breath may not be spent in your Guilty Defence. Considering how little time you will have to Survive the Discovery of your Damnable Designs, and you may chance to want it, when you come to make your Confession at the place of Execution.

Bethel, Is brought to Nought, so my Beloved, it is feared, all of You (upon the Discoverie of our well contriv'd Conspiracie) will be brought to a shameful End. Except You have any *Salamanca* Disciples that have taken their Degrees for Perjurie, vwill come and Svveare you off: but it must be by some nev्व found vvay yet unheard of. For Dr. *Oats* Course of proceedings, will (by the Law) be no more believ'd, then the Sanctity of his Life, can be suppos'd (without a true Confession and sincere Repentance) to save his Soul at the Day of Resurrection.

Had not Sir *Patience Ward* been bauck'd by the Equity of the Law, for his known Accomplishment, and natural Endowment of Perjury. Now had been a good time, to have imployed his Tallent in Redeeming of you from the Sentence of Death, for Treason and Murder.

Can you not procure some of *Oggs* Witches by a Summons from *Lancafbire*, to carry you cross the narrow Seas, to escape this Persecution.

Solicite him, for he is one of our Party, and ought if he can, Assit you (in Gratitude for your Pentions to him) to lend you his help.

Or trie to call back *Doeg*, your Black-headed Scribler, which it is not to be doubted but you may easily do, for he has not made Discovery enough to be entertain'd by the Loial Partie. And let him contrive some Engin, by

Fire-

Fire-works to Convey you in a Blast to *Holland*, the known place of Reception, for all such Rebellious Traitorous Villains.

Division, and Separation, is our Heavenly *Mind*, for as one fed the Bodies of the Children of *Israel*, so these feed the Souls of us, the Sons of Perdition: we can no more live without it in this Wilderness of our Savage Rebellious Murdering Principles; then *Tigers* almost famished would Refuse the Innocent Lamb, lest as a Prey to their Ravening Jaws. VVe have Abandoned all Remorse, ever since the Murdering of the late King, and it is not in our Natures to be reclaimed, therefore I say persevere till the Sword of Justice cut you off; which now follows you close at the heels, though we could not expect but Confusion would overtake us, yet we little Dreamt it were so near our Doors.

We are forced to Abandon our Habitations, and betake our selves to Caves and uninhabited Dens, and they begin to Moulder upon our Heads; and we must out, for the Lion is Rowzed, which has slept long in Innocent Securitie, and we cannot now be kept Secret from his Just Anger. Therefore I shall conclude all with a hearty Prayer for you.

May the Blessing of Adversity alwaies pursue you; May you become the Scorn of the whole World; May your Consciences be as sharp as the Stings of Adders; May Rest be nothing to you but Dreams of Halters, and Axes; May a continual Plague of Disquiet always haunt you; May your Bodies Consume one Grain a Day, and the Pain more Intollerable then the sharpest Hunger. Or at least, May you become *Bassalisks* to one another, that your Eyes may be Poisonous to the whole Partie, and you may Kill each Man his Traiterous Companion with
a Look

a Look, till you come and Surrender your selves to Justice; And then may you Discover every Tittle of your Horrid Conspiracie; And may the Law Sentence you all to a shameful End. Then to Crown all, May your Deaths Establish the Throan of the King in Peace for ever; And may no Traiterous Conspiracie, ever put it out of the right Line, so long as Truth and Justice Inhabits the Imperial Throan of *Heavn Amen.*

FINIS,
